WILLIS's ROOMS.

No. I.

Harrison and Knyvett's Vocal Concert

THURSDAY, February 7, 1793.

VOCAL PERFORMERS.

Mr. HARRISON and Mr. KNYVETT,
Mr. HINDLE, Mr. SALE, Mr. BARTLEMAN,
Mr. KNYVETT, Jun. Mr. GORE, Mr. RENNOLDSON,
Mr. BELLAMY, Jun. Mr. PAGE, Mr COOKE,
Mr. SALMON, Mr. HOBLER, Mr. GUICHARD,
Mr. DANBY, Mr. CHRISTIAN, Mr. WEBBE,
Madame DUSSEK,
Miss POOLE,
Masters KNYVETT, DANBY, SALE, and PRING;
And Mrs. HARRISON.

INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

VIOLINS.
Mr. Mountain,
Mr. Mahon,
Mr. Lavenu,
Mr. Agus,
Mr. Fisin,
Mr. Lyon, jun.
Mr. Pilotti,
Mr. Cantelo,

TENORS.
Mr. R. Ashley,
Mr. Lyon, Sen.

VIOLONCELLOS.
Signor Sperati,
Monsr. Limardine,

DOUBLE BASS.
Mr. Boyce.

HORNS.
Messr. Leander,

OBOES.
Mr. Foster,
Mr. Dickenson,

BASSOONS.
Mr. Holmes,
Mr. Lyon.

And GRAND PIANO FORTE, (the Patent one of Longman and Broderip)
Mr. KNYVETT.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY H. MACLEISH, DUKE'S-COURT, DRURY-LANE,
1793.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
62
MAY

ACT I.

OVERTURE and CHORUS, (Acis & Galatea) Handel.

O The pleaſures of the plains!
Happy nymphs, and happy ſwains;
Harmleſs, merry, free and gay,
Dance and ſport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us diſtils the dew,
For us unfolds the roſe,
And flowers diſplay their hue:

For us the winters rain,
For us the ſummers ſhine,
Spring ſwells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

Da Capo.

GLEE, 4 Voices. *J. S. Smith.*

While fools their time in ſtormy ſtrife employ,
Be ours engaged in union, peace, and joy:
Thus the bleſt Gods the genial day prolong,
In feaſts ambroſial and celeſtial ſong;
Apollo tunes the lyre—the muſes round
With voice alternate aid the ſilver ſound.
Wiſely we imitate the powers divine,
Peace at our heart, and pleaſure our deſign.

ROUND, in 3 Parts. *Purcell.*

Would you know how we meet o'er our jolly full bowls,
As we mingle our liquors we mingle our ſouls;
The ſweet melts the ſharp, the kind ſoothes the ſtrong,
And nothing but friendſhip grows all the night long;
We drink, laugh, and gratify ev'ry deſire,
Love only remains our unquenchable fire.

SONG, Miſs POOLE. *Guglielmi.*

Se ti perdo, o caro bene,
Che ſarà di queſto cor,
Avrai fine in tante pene
La mia vita e non l'amor.

A diſpetto della ſorte
Sarò fida al mio teſoro,
E fra l'ombre della morte,
L'amerò coſtante ognor.

Da Capo.

GLEE, 4 Voices. *Webbe.*

Great Apollo! ſtrike the lyre,
Fill the raptur'd ſoul with fire!
Let the feſtive ſong go round,
Let this night with joy be crown'd.
Hark! what numbers ſoft and clear
Steal upon the raviſh'd ear!
Sure no mortal ſweeps the ſtrings:
Liſten!—'tis Apollo ſings!

Great Apollo! &c. *Da Capo.*

ROUND, in 3 Parts. *Hilton.*

Come, let us all a maying go,
And lightly trip it to and fro:
The bells ſhall ring,
And the cuckoo ſing;
The drums ſhall beat, the fife ſhall play,
And ſo we'll paſs our time away.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Rauzzini.*

O CYNTHIA! ev'ry joy was mine,
Until thy love was chang'd from me;
But now in ſorrow I reſign
Each hope that fondly breath'd of THEE.

Yet, CYNTHIA, though thy ſmile no more
Shall ſpread a ſunſhine o'er my breaſt;
One comfort ſtill I hold in ſtore,
To think I once with thee was bleſt;
To boaſt, I once that ſmile could gain,
For which a WORLD had ſigh'd in vain!

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 62 MAY

GLEE, 4 Voices. *Danby.*

RURAL HAPPINESS.

Nor blazing gems, nor ſilken ſheen
Beſpeak the wearer's heart ſerene;
Nor purple robe, nor tiſſued veſt
Proclaim the calm, unruffled breaſt.
The crimſon mantle, and the jewell'd crown
Fair peace forſakes, well pleas'd to own
The ſhepherd's ſimple garb and ruſſet gown.
Sweet peace forſakes the crouded ſtreet
And ſhelters in the calm retreat;
With ſolitude the charmer dwells,
'Midſt rural meads and flow'ry dells;
She ſhuns the coſtly feaſt and rare,
Contented with the ſhepherd's fare;
She quits the roofs where nobles dwell
And ſeeks the ruſtic's humbler cell;
She ſlights the miſer's glitt'ring hoard,
The joys of wine and plenteous board;
Fair virtue's livery ſhe wears,
And all the joys of life are hers.

Concluſion of the ODE for the New Year.]

The Air "GOD SAVE THE KING;"

The inſtrumental parts added by *Dr. Parſons.*

Still may thy radiance mild,
Beam on the opening year,
O lovely PEACE!
May diſcord's fury wild,
And tumults mad career,
Diſtruſt and pallid fear,
Vaniſh and ceaſe.
But ſhould the tempeſt riſe,
And through our troubled ſkies
Loud battle ring;
Britons will all unite,
Impatient for the fight;
'Tis for their COUNTRY'S RIGHT,
'Tis for their KING.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

DUET for French Horns, by Meſſ. LEANDER.

NEW GLEE, 3 Voices. *Calcott.*

(Compoſed expreſsly for theſe Concerts.)

(FROM OSSIAN.)

WHO comes, ſo dark, from Ocean's roar,
Like Autumn's ſhadowy cloud?
Death is trembling in his hand,
His eyes are flames of fire!

Son of the cloudy night retire,
Call thy winds and fly,
Retire thou to thy cave.

But let us ſit by the moſſy fount,
Let us hear the mournful voice of the breeze,
When it ſighs on the graſs of the cave.

SONG, Mrs. HARRISON. *Sarti.*

Idol mio pietoſo il fato,
Il tuo duol conſolera;
Infelice e ſventurato,
Chi d'uliſſe al par ſara? *Idol mio*, D. C.
Caro bene aſcolta, oh Dio!
Giuſti Dei, che mai ſara!
Un momento piu funeſto,
No per me non tornera;
Vado addio, che affanno e queſto!
Ah non odi il pianto mio?
Un momento piu funeſto,
No per me non tornera.

CATCH, in 3 Parts. *Danby.*

O let the merry peal go on,
Proclaim how happy Jane's with John;
With laſſes gay, and lads elate,
The loves and graces round them wait.
Of John and Jane ſhall be my ſong,
Of John and Jane the whole day long.

Terzetto, for two Sopranos and a Tenor,
Mrs. HARRISON, Madame DUSSEK, and Mr. HARRISON.
Sacchini.

Armida. Partiro, mà penſa ingrato,
Che tradita io ſon da te;
Rinaldo. Idol mio, condanna il fato,
Non l'amor ne la mia fe.
Ubaldo. Soffri in pace le tue pene,
Tu rammenta il tuo dolor;
Armida. Infedele—
Rinaldo. ——— Addio! mio bene;
a tre. { Ah! ſe al fin partir conviene,
Non mi vegga a ſoſpirar.
Armida. Traditor, ma fugge oh Dio!
Senti pria non ſo vorrei,
Si confonde il mio penſier;
Rinaldo. Cara io t'amo e torno anch' io;
Ubaldo. Se ſi debole tu ſei.
Va ritorna a delirar.
Armida. Dimmi almen
Rinaldo. ——— mio bene addio
Tu non puoi vedermi il cor;
a tre. { Se produci un tanto affanno
Ah ſei pur tiranno amor.

CATCH, in 3 Parts, with *CHORUS*. *Webbe.*

Mr. ———, will you do us the favour
To join in a Catch?—Sir, I'll do my endeavour:—
To be ſure I've a cold,—but I'll ſtill do my beſt;
As I know your intention, I'll join with the reſt.
May the ſmiles of the company thus ever cheer us,
And we all give pleaſure to thoſe who may hear us.

SCENA, Madame DUSSEK. *Sarti.*

RECITATIVO.

Ma i Numi
Il genitore i giuramenti
Mi dividon da lei
Lo ſtato mio,
E degnio di pietà.
Giunta a tal paſſo,
Cede la mia coſtanza,
Al mio dolore;
Mi ſi divide il cor,
Oh gloria O amore.

RONDO.

Ah non ſai qual pena ſia
Il doverta oh Dio laſciar
Il mio ben l'anima mia
Deh ritorna a conſolar.
Dilli almeno oh fier momento,
Se rammenta ah ch' io mi ſento
Dall' affanno il cor mancar.
Ah non ſai, &c. &c.
Voi che udite i caſi miei
Deh ſentite almen pietà,
Oh fier momento ah ch'io mi ſento
Dall' affanno il cor mancar.
Voi che udite, &c. &c.

DUET and *CHORUS*, from BONDUCA. *Purcel.*

To arms, to arms! your enſigns ſtraight diſplay,
Now, now now, ſet the battle in array;
The Oracle for war declares,
Succeſs depends upon our hearts and ſpears.

Britons ſtrike home! revenge your country's wrongs;
Fight, and record yourſelves in Druids' ſongs!

END OF THE FIRST CONCERT.

The Second CONCERT *will be on* THURSDAY *next, Feb.* 14.

Juſt Publiſhed, Price 10*s.* 6*d.*

A NEW EDITION OF

THE FAVORITE GLEES,

Compoſed for the VOCAL CONCERTS 1792.

Moſt reſpectfully dedicated to the SUBSCRIBERS.